WEEKLY VISITOR;

OR, LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart.

[VOL. IV. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1806. No. 47.]

THE POLISH CHIEFTAIN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF THE AUTHOR OF "*ABALLINO.*"

[*Concluded.*]

"TAKE her away!" exclaimed Barbaro; "she impedes the course of Justice." While Lianskoi held her firmly in his grasp, the Abbot demanded that the articles which she had in her hand should be inspected.—"Whence are these?" said the latter.—"I know not!" replied Lianskoi. The habit and the banner, both clotted with blood, seem the same with those I found in the grave! the broken sabre was the present of my father to Berodsko, as the decoration on the hilt implies.

"Mysteries of Providence!" exclaimed the Abbot, 'the gown and the banner were consecrated by his Holiness himself, and sent to me as sacred articles for the confessor and army of Woronof. They were stolen by a banditti, who, despising the most sacred ties, plundered the monastery of its treasures and relics. But, how the sabre of Berodsko is connected with these ensanguined articles, is a mystery that throws a shade on the great name it bears, and which Heaven, I pray, will enable us to remove!"

"Ha!" exclaimed Berodsko starting, with a glare of fury in his countenance—'Beware, priest! or you will be implicated in this conspiracy of Lianskoi. Lianskoi has admitted that the gown and the banner are the same with those he saw on the murderer's ground: what can this prove but his connexion with the banditti who stole them?—The sword which was broken in defending myself from the attack of Malcar's party, for which he is to suffer, and which was in my private cabinet, has been produced here by the same daring means which has introduced the fugitive Seraphia into this hall, only to interrupt the ends of justice! 'Here is the broken piece which corresponds to the fracture of that sword, and which I swear by all the heavenly host, I found at the grave of Woronof!' exclaimed Lianskoi.

"Hear me!" ejaculated Seraphia, who had now recovered—"These articles were found in the coffer of Berodsko, which is under three locks, and of which he only keeps the keys!"

"Away, away!" exclaimed Berodsko. "Bear the prisoner hence!—He is already found guilty. Seize the daughter of Malcar! The torture shall make her confess who are her accomplices!"

The officers were proceeding to obey, when the Monk, who had sat unobserved from the time of his evidence, falteringly stepped forward. "Great prince, and noble Bulgarians," said he, 'the crime of Malcar was that of a father anxious for the honour and safety of a beloved daughter! That of Lianskoi has been for the murder of the King his father!—But, my lords, let mercy plead for the first, and this written acquittal of the deceased Woronof for the last, in which, a few minutes before his decease, and during a temporary recovery from his most savage wounds, he has made known with his dying breath, the real assassins.—It was given to the deserter Roulotz, who suppressed it at my desire. Lianskoi has been condemned by circumstantial evidence. Mercy, therefore, I pray for—nay, I insist!"

The paper was handed to Berodsko and Barbaro: they looked at it together. They looked confounded—a paleness overspread their faces, and their frames tottered!

"It is a base forgery!" said Barbaro; and he tore the paper to atoms.—'Take that audacious Monk also to the rack, and let the execution of Malcar and Lianskoi be instant!" exclaimed Berodsko: and he was proceeding to explain the contents of that note which had excited such an interest in the court, when, suddenly, the Monk struck his foot on the hollow floor, and blew a whistle. Every eye turned, and every heart trembled. The doors were in a moment thrown open: and Malcar, at the head of a file of soldiers, rushed in and filled the chamber. He advanced to Barbaro and Berodsko, arrested them for murder, by the orders of Woronof, and conducted them both to the bar.

The assembly rose at such an outrage —but Malcar insisted that he acted by a higher legal authority, than any there; and immediately liberated Lianskoi, embraced his daughter, and ordered the guard to conduct them to the seat of Berodsko.

The astonished court now turned their regards to the upper end of the hall, and there beheld (inscrutable and unfathomable appearance!) the great and venerable Woronof, seated on the canopied chair, in complete armour, and his helmet nodding with plumes. They looked horror-struck at the vision: they were silent—not a breath stirred in the hall till the mighty Prince, with a mixture of pain and pleasure, thus addressed the assembly:—"Noble Bulgarians! I again live and reign, to punish the guilty, and save the innocent. Barbaro and Berodsko, on that fatal night seduced your king to the silent dell, and there imagined they had murdered him. What followed, I was not conscious of, till Roulotz informed me, after I had most miraculously escaped their assassination. I immediately engaged him to procure me surgical assistance, and other means of carrying that plan into effect which I intended. I lived to watch the conduct of my unnatural son and his minister—I found it vengeful and cruel to all my adherents and Malcar's: next my Lianskoi disappeared.—The ball ensued, and Seraphia was detained. I have saved and liberated her from the ravishment of those unprincipled monsters, and I have kept my promise with them: *They now see me again, their terror and their shame!*—Secure in the cottage of one of my old servants, and knowing all the private inlets to this castle, I obtained from the coffer with three keys, those marks of guilt which Seraphia laid before you. They were unavailing to save, because the souls of Barbaro and Berodsky sought for father blood, and to defile the person of the virtuous Seraphia. They denominated my own hand writing a base forgery! They are hardened in crime. Hence with them to the dungeons, Barbaro I award to death by the axe, and his body be hung in chains on the heights which overlook the dreadful dell—but for my son, though justice may demand, the parent cannot shed his blood.—No! let him repent:—imprisoned in that same dungeon in the tower of Horsa in which he chained his virtuous brother, shall he pass the remnant of his days; whence he may look down with deep sorrow, and a contrite heart upon the grave which he dug for an indulgent father, and behold the mouldering body of the partner of his crime!—And now, for you, my dear Lianskoi, whose worth your country and I cannot too much appreciate, for you I resign my crown: enjoy with Seraphia, that virtuous maid, the throne which Berodsko has disgraced; and, while I retire to partake, under the guidance of the worthy Abbot, that peace of mind which fits me for Heaven, may you be the pattern of domestic felicity, and never exert your power but for the blessing of all mankind!"

He said—and after dismissing the assembly, with an amnesty to those who had been the instruments of Berodsko's resentments, rose to retire to an inner chamber, supported by Lianskoi and Malcar's daughter, while shouts rent the hall, and frantic joy for three days reigned through all the happy country!

The sentences of the prisoners were in due time carried into execution: Barbaro, suffered; and Berodsko, after two years confinement, was crushed to atoms by the fall of that tower in which he was placed.—Lianskoi reigned with unabated splendour, and proved that virtue is the only true path to greatness, love, and glory!

The wrath that on conviction subsides into mildness, is the wrath of a generous mind.

SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

SELECTED.

ON THE PASSIONS.

THE *passions* are the gales by which man must steer his course through the troubled ocean of life; they fill the sails which give motion to the soul; and when they become turbulent and impetuous, the vessel is always in danger, and generally runs a-ground. The petty cares, and trifling vexations of life, however, give but short-lived disturbance to a heart free from remorse. Philosophy teaches us to forget past uneasiness, to forbear idle speculations of approaching felicity, and to rest contented with present comforts, without repining away our existing happiness, by wishing that which is really good, to be still better. Every thing is much better than we imagine. A mind too anxious in the expectations of happiness, is seldom satisfied, and generally mixes with its highest fruition a certain proof of discontent. The stream of content must flow from a deliberate disposition in our own minds to learn what is good, and a determined resolution to seek for and enjoy it, however small the portion may be.

EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

Sir, In transcribing, for your esteemed miscellany, the following elegant, and affecting Letter, from a LIBERTINE FATHER to his Friend, I feel assured that it will prove acceptable to your numerous readers. PHILO.

A SLAVE to passions which have occasionally hurried me from myself, from honour, from humanity; their probable and known effects, from the recent first view of my deserted daughter, have employed immagination, and engaged memory, till the small remains of mental repose are absorbed in the general wreck of a ruined mind.

Twice seven years have passed, since the unhappy mother of my stranger offspring fell a victim to the cruelty and desertion of a man who had won a heart, generous, unsuspecting, and affectionate:

> "Unvers'd in woes which others find,
> "In wiles which others fear;
> "Artless herself, she thought mankind,
> "Was, like herself, sincere."

In a distant and obscure part of the country, my child, my Mary, has been brought up. As I view her look and action, as I listen to the melody and sweetness of her voice, her mother rushes upon my soul, and thrills it to agony. She is my comfort and my pain, my pride and my fear. She has just passed her fourteenth birth-day.—I will not say she is what is termed a regular beauty, but she has a countenance beaming with sweetness and intelligence: her full dark hair, loosely floating over her fine-turned neck and shoulders, adds to the dignity and symmetry of her form. The lovely girl appears some years older than she is, and she is sensible beyond the years she has numbered. Her heart is the

seat of truth and humanity: she weeps at a tale of distress; the domestic animals of the house, are sure of their regular meals from the hand of Mary, whose disposition seems formed by heaven for its best purposes of mercy and goodwill.

Alas! this excellent young creature is but too like the Mary who gave her birth —the Mary who fled from the frown of a vindictive and hard-hearted earthly father, to the mercy of a heavenly one. In her seventeenth spring, sorrow consigned her to the grave which received a martyr to perfidious man, and a persecuting world.

I almost wish my second Mary had still remained in obscurity, or that I had seen her more frequently. Then I should sooner have felt the father, and then I should have had a better right to exclaim, in the hour of danger, "beware!!!"

Conscious, as I am, that she is the child of shame, and disgraced by *me*, how can I attempt to warn her of her danger, from one who appears to be acting the same base part which wrought her mother's ruin.

Be thine that task, and heaven assist you in it. Tell her her mother's story; touch lightly on her father's guilt: but, oh! that she may not hate that father, dwell upon his existing anguish. Alas! at her age, her mother beamed the flower of innocence and beauty—I was the cruel spoiler, and, though narrow means obliged me to subject her to sufferings of my inflicting, had I, O God of heaven, a right to desert her? That recollection haunts my pillow, and deprives me of that sweet sleep which visits only the innocent and the just.

You have never had the full history of a transaction which must remain untold till death: then be a parent to my darling girl, and as you peruse the history of her father's perfidy, mix your prayers with your indignation, which must occasionally create a pause.

MR. WHITFIELD.

It is a story on general record in America, that when Mr. Whitfield crossed the Atlantic, he was, at the beginning of the passage, very sensibly affected at the profane swearing of the ship's crew, and called the captain to task for countenancing such wickedness. The captain was a wag: he promised to reclaim; but on the approach of a gale of wind, he instructed his sailors not to execute his orders when unaccompanied by oaths. The gale comes on, and the ship lies down to the gust: "Do, my men," said the capt. 'bear a hand and clew up the sails.' The sailors heard the order with apparent indifference. Again the captain entreated, conjured, and exhorted them—but it was all to no purpose. "You see, Mr. Whitfield," said the captain, 'they never obey me while I talk in this calm language.—'Then swear a little, captain,' said Mr. Whitfield.

The most enviable power is that which is exercised over the minds of men. He who enforces conviction, bends the will, and commands the affections, has resistless power: he is a depot; he raises his throne in the heart; he wears a crown which no revolutions of empires can pluck from his brow. The reverence paid to such a sovereign, is worth more than all the mockery of homage which was ever offered to an eastern monarch: It is reverence of the heart—paid not to a name or a glittering sceptre, but to qualities of the soul, acquired by honourable exertion, and permanent as the mind which possesses them.

ANECDOTE.

Mr. Thieubald, in his anedotes of Frederick the great, king of Prussia, tells us, that William I. father of Frederick, was highly vain in his talents as a painter, though they really were of the lowest grade—intoxicated with the fruits of his genius, he exhibited them to his courtiers, who were sure to bestow on them the highest praise—'Well,' said the king one day to one of these flatterers, who lavished the most extravagant encomiums on one of his pictures, "for how much do you suppose it could be sold, if it were sent into the market?"—"For a hundred ducats, sire, and the picture would then be given away."—'Take it then,' said the king, 'I will sell it for fifty, because I see you are a good judge, and I am glad of the opportunity to do you a service.'

A GALLANT PASSPORT.

Lambert, an excellent musician, was very much pressed by a lady of uncommon beauty, to teach her to sing. Lambert for a long time resisted her importunities, till being very strongly and repeatedly urged, he declared that his apprehensions of falling in love with the lady, were the only cause of his denial. Counsellor L. who was present at the confession, drew up immediately, in the lady's name, a free pasport for Lambert to the lady's presence. 'We the divine and resistless Miss ——— grant permission to M. Lambert at all times to enter our mansion in perfect safety, and do prohibit our charms, graces, and attractions, to make any attack whatever, on the freedom of the aforesaid M. Lambert,' &c.

PERFECTION is ever the object of genius: but, perfection is not to be found in human affairs. Genius is, therefore, disgusted with the impossibility of obtaining that which is constantly within its view. Thus it suffers in the recesses of study: but upon entrance into the transactions of busy life, the perfection to which it aspires is much more rarely visible. Objects, which to the common mind are pleasing or indifferent, appear to the mind of genius, deformed and disgusting, because they fall short of that image of perfection, formed in the fancy, to which, as a standard, every thing is usually referred. Thus acuteness of discernment serves to discover concealed blemishes, as the microscope sees a spot where the naked eye discovers nothing but beauty.

Lord Chesterfield very prettily says, 'Good manners are the settled medium of social, as *specie* is of commercial life; and people will no more advance their civility to a bear, than their money to a bankrupt.'

"Hate as if you could love, or should be loved,"—him who follows this maxim, if all the world were to declare an ideot and enthusiast, I shall esteem, of all men, the most eminently formed for friendship.

Forwardness nips affection in the bud.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO

THE LAY PREACHER.

"*And he sat down by a well. Now the priest of Midian had seven daughters: and they came and drew water, and filled the troughs to water their father's flock. And the shepherds came and drove them away; but Moses stood up and helped them, and watered their flock.*"

In the juvenile days of Moses, that prophet, having unfortunately interfered in a quarrel between an Egyptian and a Jew, went into voluntary exile.—Provoked at the assassination of a subject, the reigning Monarch sought to slay Moses, who fled from his wrath into the land of Midian. Here he took up his residence in the vicinity of a well, and led a sort of hermit's life, 'unknowing and unknown.' By a glance at the history of pastoral ages, it will be seen that the task of drawing water, either for household purposes, or for the use of the fold, generally devolved upon women. The simplicity, the indolence, or the rudeness of the patriarchs caused them to forget that the obvious destination of the softer sex, was for lighter labour; and that men, as the natural guardians of females, should ever rescue their fair wards from ignominious thraldom. But the priest of Midian, with all his learning, was, it seems, clownish and inattentive, in this respect; for he suffers his whole family of girls to 'draw water, and fill the troughs to water his flock.' In those days, and in that arid region, reservoirs, wells, and cisterns, attracted almost as great crowds as *fashionable watering places* have in times more modern, and in a climate less fiery. Indeed, throughout the East, wells were a kind of haunt; and at their margin were to be found pilgrims and patriarchs, shepherds and herdsmen, blushing beauties and clamorous boors, all eager to allay their own thirst, or that of the animals, blowing and bleating around.—In such a promiscuous crowd, grossness and incivility would always mingle, perhaps predominate; and not only delicate ears, but even graceful forms would sometimes be wounded. The daughters of the Egyptian Priest did not repair to the well of Midian without exposure to the attacks of brutality. Certain shepherds of the country, "*fellows* of the *baser* sort," influenced by their wonted churlishness, impudence, boorishness, and ferocity, came and drove these unoffending females away. Perceiving this rashness, and, in a spirit of gallantry, resenting it, Moses, with the courtesy of a Cavalier, quitted his seat and his meditations, civilly helped the insulted maidens, and relived them from the labour of watering their flocks. This is a pleasing instance of primeval politeness, and demonstrates that even in the simplest stages of society, the man of feeling, taste, and judgment, will always support the rights of women.

The sex have a paramount claim to our protection, tenderness, and courtesy. Years cannot cause my dim eyes to survey the fair carelessly, or with indifference.—My heart still palpitates at their approach, and, in spite of the dicipline of Philosophy, my nerves vibrate, like the keys of a harpsichord, from the highest touch of a charmer. Once in the absurd misapprehension of youth, I thought the character of a woman hater, worth imitating, and even attempted to hurl a feeble lance at the daughters of Eve. But Time has taught me the impolicy and baseness of such a warfare. I have not only made a truce, but concluded a firm and lasting peace with the ladies. I pride myself that they still admit an old bachelor to their toilets, and that they will not refuse a dropped fan, though presented to them by a grey-headed gallant. If I hear the pleasing rustle of silk against my study stairs, I make shift to hide my spectacles, and at the expence of my gouty limbs, cheerfully resign my obsolete arm chair to the occupancy of the fair sex. I am a very Moses to resent an ill treatment they shall receive; and did modern ladies watch and water sheep, like the seven shepherdesses of Midan, I am sure I would 'right merrily' fill the bucket.

The gallantry of the attentive Moses was not unrequited. It procured him an invitation to the house of the priest, whose daughters had been thus protected by the shields of civility. The fruits of good breeding were the gratitude of a venerable divine, and the hand of Zipporah his daughter.

Thus it may be learned by every young man, eager for a pleasant passage through life, that attention to women, honors both the giver and the receiver. Nothing is to be gained by rudeness to the sex. By complaisance to them, much may be acquired. He who is universally decried by women, is rarely very popular in male society. Nature intended the two sexes should live together in amity. Let the good understanding continue. If we treat our female friends with courtesy, and with tenderness, if we listen to their voice with attention, bow at their approach and sigh at their departure, we shall be liberally remunerated. Selfishness alone will dictate such politeness. Woman, naturally frank, generous, and sensitive, will hasten to discharge the obligation. On him, who is thus watchful to please her, she will smile with radiance, she will smooth his pillow, she will, like Hotspur's consort, "sing the song that pleases him," and "bind his aching head with flowers."

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

LOVE OF WEALTH.

The love of money is the prevailing passion of almost every person—we might say of every nation that ever existed. This passion is so universal, that an exception can scarcely be found in any situation, or in any period of life. From the minister of state to the sweep-chimney, all are alike eager after this god of their idolatry—Mammon. From the cradle to old age, in all periods we see this passion exerted. Take a view of an infant when it sees a piece of money, stretching forth its little hands for the precious coin, scarcely conscious of what it is doing, or what use it is to be put to. In more advanced life, we see most men eager to make more of what they have, yet careful to spend as little as possible. But old age is the period when every thing is sacrificed to this disgraceful passion. How hateful a character is the old decrepid miser, piling hoards on hoards merely for the pleasure of doing it, counting every moment the precious store, for the gratification of hearing it chink, while he is depriving himself of the joys—almost necessaries of life, and wearing the meanest habiliments, that he may add to his still increasing treasure; oppressing and tyrannizing over every one beneath him, sucking them to the marrow, to squeeze what he can from the poorest and most miserable wretches; and if we look a little farther, we shall perhaps see all this hoard, collected with so much pains, squandered away by the heir. How dreadful is this character! yet, turn where we will, it is visible somewhere. If a wretch, pining in want and misery, were to apply to such

a man for relief, what is the event? He meets with nothing but curses and imprecations, and if the hoary Mammon be in power, is most likely sent to the house of correction, there to reflect on his fate, and meditate "e'en to madness." Shaks peare puts a most pathetic apostrophe on this subject, into the mouth of King Lear:

——————Take physic, pomp,
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may st shake the superflux to them,
And shew the Heavens more just.

When we examine the secret springs that direct the conduct of most persons, it will be found that the love of money, or (what is the same thing) self interest, is the predominant principle resident in every breast. For example—why does the citizen stand at his counter all day, nailed, in appearance, like one of his bad shillings? From *the love of money*. Why does the lawyer sell his conscience, injure his lungs, and say right is wrong? All for *the love of money*. What induces the apothecary to vend drugs which he despises, kill half his patients, and make the other half cripples for life? *The love of money*. In short, every action of a man's life has this darling object in view, and we shall in vain look for any other that produces half its consequences.

F.

GENEROUS CONTEMPT OF DEATH, IN SOME FRENCH NUNS.

During the reign of terror in France, an abbess and five or six nuns, of a convent in Bourdeaux, were brought before the revolutionary tribunal, on the charge of harbouring some emigrants, and concealing them from public justice. They admitted the charge, and did not attempt to excuse it; but on the contrary, said, that they were proud of having discharged the office of humanity to the unfortunate, although at the great risk of their own lives, which religion had taught them to set no other value upon, than as the means of obtaining eternal happiness in Christ's kingdom; that, as for the rest, their tribunal might determine according to their laws; but they were prepared to appear before the tribunal of their Redeemer. The judges felt that the execution of such a number of female enthusiasts would not be serviceable to the views of government. In this embarrassing situation, the abbess and nuns were separately examined, in order, if possible, to get a confession that some men advised them to it. But the sisters had too much firmness; they all declared it purely their own act. The tribunal was therefore obliged to sentence them. They went to the guillotine with the same enthusiasm, singing hymns, and occasionally observing to the people on the way—"*Nous allons au ciel.*"—We are going to heaven! This was one of the most remarkable of the tragical scenes which were acted in Bourdeaux.

PARISIAN MANNERS.

We are indebted for the following remarks to an excellent pamphlet just publisned, called, "A Sketch of the present State of France," and written by an English gentleman who escaped from Paris last May.—"It is certain that much of the frivolty of the French metropolis arises out of the laxity of public attention to the proceedings of its rulers. How this frivolty shews itself, is very various, but general examples will suffice; and those examples indicate the state of manners. For instance: one may see in the innumerable coffee-houses of Paris, groupes of old politicians surrounding the stove, which generally stands in the middle of the room; the orators ardently engaged in discussing the wars of Turenne, or the ministry of Colbert, but not a single word escaping them on the measures of the day; the younger men talking of the merits of the actresses, and actors, the plays, dress, and new books, and equally silent on the present affairs, which ought to interest them. A habit of taking tea at a very late hours gains ground very much. Cards occupy the whole attention of their private parties, from which all rational and useful conversation, and all public spirit and energy are banished; and this is their general mode of spending the day. The people in business know no settled interval of remission; they labour most irregularly, at all hours, at the tedious confusion of their affairs. The Parisians deal with each other in the ordinary concerns of life and business, as if they were a nation of swindlers, and each man thought his neighbour intended to cheat him. All their transactions are rendered tiresome by a number of cautious formalities, which impede their progress; and the universal remark is "The revolution has done this." Every class of men and women frequent the public gaming tables in Paris."

[MONTHLY MIRROR. 18-5]

SENSIBILITY AND FEROCITY.

Monsieur de Bertrand, a knight of Malta, was brought at midnight, on the third of September, 1792, before the dreadful tribunal in the prison of the abbaye. He was a man of great coolness and firmness of mind, which was of infinite service to him in this emergency. When he was questioned, he answered with an undisturbed voice and countenance, "that he had not the least idea of what he had been arrested for, that those who arrested him could not inform him, that nobody had informed him since, and that he was convinced he had been taken up by mistake."

Struck with the cool and undaunted manner in which he addressed them, the judges ordered him to be released. Two men, covered with blood, who had been employed in killing the prisoners, seemed surprised, but not displeased, at the unusual order. They conducted him through the court of the abbaye, and on the way, asked if he had any relation to whose house he wished to go. He answered, that he had a sister-in-law, to whom he intended to go directly.

"How very much surprised and delighted must she be to see you," said they—"I am persuaded she will," replied Mr. Bertrand.

One of them asked the other if he should not be glad to be present at this meeting, to which he eagerly said, he should; and both declared that they had a curiosity to be witnesses to the joyful meeting.

The gentleman was astonished and embarrassed: he represented that his relation being a delicate woman, their appearance might very much alarm her; that he could not think of giving them such trouble.

They urged they would wait in the parlour till he had advertised the lady of their being in the house, to prevent her being alarmed: that so far from being a trouble, it would give them great pleasure to accompany him, that they wished to have relaxation from the work they had been so long employed in.

M. Bertrand did not think it prudent to refuse *such* petitioners any longer. They accompanied him to the house.

He sent the servant, who opened the door at the sound of his voice, to advertise the lady that he was alive and well. He afterwards went himself, and informed her of the fancy of the two men. Every body in the family had flocked around him with expressions of joy. The two men were admitted, and were witnesses to the happiness that all manifested: they seemed much gratified and affected at the sight; it formed the strongest contrast with those they had so lately seen. M. Bertrand offered them money, which they would on no account accept, declaring that they were already paid for accompanying him in the only way they desired. After remaining a considerable time, they took their leave, wishing the lady and M. Bertrand all happiness.

I know no theory by which can be explained the dispositions of sensibility and ferocity, which, from this narrative, appear in the same individuals. I repeat the facts as I have them from authority. They form a new instance of the astonishing variety, and even opposition of character to be found in that wonderful creature, MAN.

WEEKLY VISITOR.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER, 20.

Our daily prints mention the conclusion of a treaty of peace between *France* and *Russia*, and that a cessation of hostilities between the former power, and *England*, was likely to take place.

The opening of the theatre is postponed till Monday the 29th inst.

JEALOUSY.

The following extraordinary circumstance is said to have taken place at Evreux, in France, sometime in May last.

Capt. Combet, aid-de-camp to general Laroche, was killed by a jealous husband, who surprised him with his wife. The following is what is mentioned in public on the subject:—For sometime back the husband, named Lanoue, a printer and bookseller of the city, suspected an intrigue between capt. Combet and his wife. Not being able to surprise them together, he resolved on taking an advantage, by coming to an explanation with the latter. In imparting to her his distrusts and chagrin, he promised to forget her conduct if she would consent to acknowledge her fault, and in fine break off with her lover. The proposition was accepted—madame Lanoue made the confession which he required, and promised to fulfil the other condition, adding that she would never see captain C. again.

The husband appeared as generous as his wife; for he authorized her to receive her lover once more, to signify to him the resolution she had taken to break off with him, and never to see him more. Matters being thus settled, the husband placed himself in a situation from which he might be assured of the execution of the treaty, and of the degree of confidence which he might put in the oath of his wife. He concealed himself in a very small press, so narrow that it could not be suspected he was there, and patiently waited the time of interview between the two lovers. Capt. Combet arrived. They engaged in conversation, in a tone which was any thing but pleasant for a third person, who distinctly heard it from his hiding place, and which was by no means conformable with the promise of madam Lanoue. They even mixed in pleasantries and freedoms, very offensive to the husband, whose patience endured it still further, that is to say, so far, that the press did not open till the last extremity. The lovers remained motionless from astonishment. At last capt. Combet endeavoured to make the best of it, and turn the affair into a jest. This last circumstance completed the fury of the husband. He seized on a large knife used for cutting paper, which lay near him, and thrust it into the bosom of his rival, then precipitated him to the bottom of the staircase. Lanoue then endeavoured to make his escape. "Stop my husband," reiterated by his wife, drew a crowd together. Capt. Combet, who went out saying, "It is nothing," fell down dead in pronouncing the words.

Philadelphia, Sep. 17.

The following curious circumstance occured yesterday, at the ship yards—Kensington.

On heaving down the ship Pennsylvania Packet, lately from Canton, in order to discover a small leak, which she had experienced on her passage home, it was found that she had been struck about 6 feet below the bends by a Sword Fish, which had driven its tusk or sword thro' the copper sheathing and bottom plank, to the ceiling inside; and being unable to draw it out again, had left it remaining in the bottom, and broken short off outside. The force with which it was driven in was so great as to splinter the plank causing the leak. Had the sword been withdrawn, it is proble the ship would have made more water than could have been lifted by the pumps. Part of the sword was cut off in extricating it, the remainder measures ten inches long, and nearly two inches in diameter.

Deaths in this city, during the last week—apoplexy 2, consumption 7, convulsions 3, debility 4, decay 3, dropsy 3, drowned 2, dysentary 2, typhus fever 6, flux infantile 10, small pox 3, whooping cough 5, cancer, cholera morbus, cold, remitting fever, billious fever, nervous fever, inflamation of the lungs, old age, pleurisy, teething, of each, one.—Men, 19, women 13, boys 13 girls 15—total 60.

MARRIED,

On Wednesday evening, by the rev. Dr. Hobart, Stephen Price, Esq. to Miss Jane Barnewall, daughter of George Barnewall, Esq.

On Wednesday morning last, by the rev. Dr. Livingston, Richard Arden Esq. to Miss Jane De Peyster, youngest daughter of Nicholas De Peyster, Esq.

On Sunday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Crowell, Mr. Abraham Parrot, late of New Jersey, to Miss Mary Frazer, of this city.

At Near Rockaway, on Saturday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Hart, Mr. Geo. Hewlett, to Miss Elizabeth Hewlett, eldest daughter of Mr. Oliver Hewlett, all of that place.

At Beverley, in the county of Dutchess, W. A. Duer, Esq. to Miss Denning, youngest daughter of the Hon. W. Denning.

At Philadelphia, Israel Roberts, to Miss Eliza Townsend; Dr. Wm. Burr, late of New York, to Miss Eleanor Harding.

At Washington, James Bury, to Miss Margaret Coons.

"....." all, that live, must die;
passing through nature to eternity"

DIED,

Suddenly, Mrs. Margaret Smith, wife of Wm. H. Smith.

At Poughkeepsie, on Sunday last, of a lingering illness, Gilbert Livingston Esq. in the 64th year of his age.

At Albany, on the 9th inst. William Patterson, Esq. one of the Judges of the Circuit Court of the United States.

CHIP, STRAW, LEGHORN,

AND ALL OTHER

FANCY HATS,

MADE & SOLD

BY N. B. BROWER,

At the HAT MANUFACTORY, No. 109

William, corner of John street,

NEW-YORK.

Sep. 20 tf

LITERARY ESTABLISHMENT.

A lady qualified to undertake the Education of Youth, and desirous of superceeding one wishing to retire, may have reference for particulars by applying at this office.

*** The pupils are respectable, the situation eligible, and advantageous.....a short distance from New York.

Sept. 13. tf

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

Three or four young women who have a perfect knowledge of the TAYLOR'S BUSINESS.—The best wages will be given. Apply at this Office.

*** Three or four apprentices wanted to the above business. Sep 6

A NEW NOVEL.

This Day is Published, by

I. RILEY, & Co.

NO. 1, CITY-HOTEL, BROADWAY,

PRICE 1 DOLLAR,

A NEW NOVEL, BY MISS EDGEWORTH,

CALLED,

L E O N O R A.

The work is handsomely printed, comprising the two volumes of the English edition.

The popular Tales and other works of Miss Edgeworth, have already gained her the high estimation of the public. She HERE undertakes a species of writing she had never before attempted. From her present production, her literary reputation derives no inconsiderable accession. The style of this novel possesses a peculiar felicity of diction. It combines vivacity, elegance, and energy; nor is the design entitled to less commendation. This work displays and refutes the Latitudinarian principles which certain pretended philosophers have of late attempted to introduce into the *fashionable* female world. Few Novels have a stronger tendency to promote correct opinions, and the cause of virtue: none can boast of a stile more polished or attractive.

July 19. 4 t

JOHN JONES,

UMBRELA AND PARASOL MAKER,

NO. 29, *CHATHAM STREET*

NEW-YORK,

INFORMS his friends and the public in general, that he has on hand. of his own make, Silk Umbrellas, and Parasols, warranted fast Colours. Likewise Cotton Umbrellas, superior in quality to any for sale in this city.

Coverings and repairings neatly executed.

N. B. Oiled Silk Hat-Covers, Combs, and Walking-Sticks, for sale as above. Nov. 23.

JUST PUBLISHED, PRICE

75 CENTS,

By J. OSBORN, at his Circulating Library, and Book Store, No. 13 *Park,*

A NEW AND EXCELLENT WORK,

ENTITLED,

"THE FASHIONABLE WORLD DISPLAYED."

BY THE REV. JOHN OWEN.

DEDICATED TO

The Right Reverend BIELBY PROTEUS,

D. D. Lord Bishop of London.

This very valuable little work, has, within a short period, been five times printed in London, and is thus recommended by the Rev. T. F. Dibden, [author of "An Introduction to a knowledge of the best editons of the Greek and Latin CLASSICS "] in his translation of FENELON on the Education of Daughters."

"I recommend the sensible mother, who has really the happiness of her daughters at heart, to peruse and re-peruse the excellent observations on this head which are to be found in a little pamphlet, lately published by the Rev. Mr. OWEN, entitled, "THE FASHIONABLE WORLD DISPLAYED." July 19 5t

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FASHIONABLE COMBS.

AN ELEGANT ASSORTMENT

Of TORTOISE and mock TORTOISE SHELL COMBS, for sale at John Barham's Hardware Store, 103 Maiden Lane.

Sep. 6. 3 m

TO THE LADIES.

STHEPHEN CAVE,

RESPECTFULLY INFORMS HIS FRIENDS AND THE PUBLIC,

That he has commenced LADIES SHOEMAKING, in all its branches, at No. 285 Broadway, where may be had SILK, KID, and MORROCCO SHOES, of every discription, and of the newest fashion. He hopes by strict attention to all commands in his line, to give satisfaction to those who may feel disposed to encourage a young beginner.

N. B. Orders in the above line, thankfully received, and strictly attended to.

July 19. 3 m.

TORTOISE SHELL COMBS.

A HANDSOME ASSORTMENT

OF

TORTOISE-SHELL COMBS,

FOR SALE BY

N. S M I T H,

CHYMICAL PERFUMER,

From London,

At the New York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the ROSE: No. 114, opposite the City Hotel, Broadway.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softning, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chopping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 & 8s. each.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that adds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.

Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Almond Powder for the skin, 8s per lb.

Smith's Carcassia or Antique Oil, for curling, glossing and thickening the Hair, and preventing it from turning grey, 4s. per bottle.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s per pot or roll Doled do. 2s.

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples; redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving ..with printed directions...6s. 8s. and 12s per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions

His superfine white Hair-Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-Ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do,

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s each.

Smith's balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, and leaves them quite smooth, 2s. 4s per box.

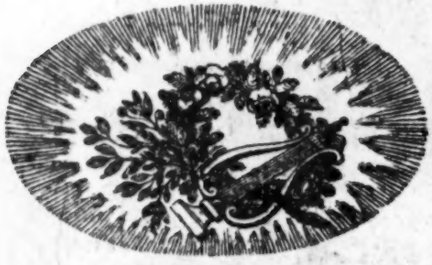
His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted, 2s 4s per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

☞ Great allowance to those who buy to sel again. May 24, 1806.



SELECTED FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

Gentle reader, should a suffering petitioner, like her who is the subject of the following sympathetic effusion, address you for charity, would you with stern demeanor, bid her depart.....Or rather would you not administer to her necessities, and, by so doing, add largely to your own happiness? To the latter interrogation, our readers, we trust, will reply in the affirmative.

—

THE

CYPRIAN'S PETITION.

A PARODY ON THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

—

WITH aching heart your pity, Sir, I crave,
My wants compel me *thus* to ask relief;
Soon shall I friendless seek the silent grave,....
That grave where ends both misery and grief.

These clothes my state to passers-by proclaim;
These haggard looks in unison appear;
And oft the finger of reproach and blame,
Draws from my eye the unavailing tear.

Yon mansion, which o'erlooks this shaded vale,
Lured me to pray relief in accents mild;
For lord the owner was of all the dale
And Fortune hail'd him as her favoured child.

Scarcely my lips the piteous tale began
Scarce had I deign'd his bounty to implore,
When lo, the minion of this cruel man,
With sternness bade me quit his master's door.

Oh, pray your Charity to me impart,
For the keen blast assails my weakened frame;
Console, 'ere tis *too late*, this breaking heart,
Which soon will leave of ANNA, but the name.

Should I repeat the soft seductive tale,
That HENRY urg'd to mar my future rest;
To help a poor forlorn you could not fail,
If mercy boasts a seat within your breast.

'Twas Henry made me prostitution's prey;
He did in friendship's mask my heart subdue.
'Twas he...ungrateful man! who paved the way
To future scenes, which *horor shrinks* to view.

How shall I paint those joys which now are past,
Or how my *murdered* parents love relate!
Till Henry came my virtuous mind to blast....
'Till Henry made me *feel*....their direst hate!

My tender Mother, who with fond delight,
View'd me in life's decline her pleasing care
Soon clos'd her aged eyes in endless night
And breath'd for my reclaim the fervent prayer.

My Father, too, *bereav'd* of wife and child,
A prey to racking torment soon became:
By madness seized....by phrenzy driven wild....
In latest breath, *curs'd* his poor Anna's name.

In humblest tones your pity then I crave,
My wants compel me thus to pray relief:
Soon shall I friendless seek the silent grave,
And *there* forget my misery and grief.

C. F.

—

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

—

From grave to gay, from lively to severe. ...POPE

WE should take a prudent care for the future, but so as to enjoy the present. It is no part of wisdom to be miserable to-day, because we may happen to be so to-morrow.

No object is more pleasing to the eye, than the sight of a man whom you have obliged; nor any music so agreeable to the ear, as the voice of one that owns you for his benefactor.

No revenge is more heroic, than that which torments envy by doing good.

—

Some worthy gentleman, in a communication to the editor of the Baltimore Evening Post, inveighs bitterly against the prevailing practice of punning, which he believes is oftentimes employed for the most sinister purpose. At the close of his piece, he relates a domestic event as follows:

"Even my servants have got into this ridiculous habit of punning. I addressed one of them the other day with, "Sam, how does the dinner table look?" "Very *sour*, sir, replied he. "Sour, said I, what do you mean fellow?" "Why, sir, there is nothing yet on the table but the *pickles*.

—

A contented mind and unshaken rectitude are children of constant employment.

The first care of a prejudiced man should be to suffer himself to be ashamed.

The author of the Poem entitled "The YOUNG ROSCIAD," lately published in London, thus humorously helps the following gentlemen to opinions respecting the merits of Master Betty.

—

KEMBLE. "I certainly had a voice in engaging the *boy* for Covent Garden, as I thought the novelty might bring *grist* to the mill, wherein *I* have a share;—otherwise I should have opposed any such innovation—he is certainly clever—but *Hamlet** he should not have attempted.

"*COOKE.* I deny that, Mr. Kemble; his Hamlet is excellent, so he is in every other character but *Richard*—I am astonished at his temerity in undertaking it.

"*JOHNSTON.* In my humble opinion, gentleman, he does ample justice to every part but *Young Norval.* The author seems, however, to think otherwise—he says, "he is the only Young Norval he ever saw." The venerable gentleman has forgot, no doubt, that he paid the very same compliment to me some very few years back; but he is now in his 87th year—that accounts for it.

"*POPE.* Psha! sheer envy by the gods! The very parts you object to are, in my mind, what he is most adapted for; but to attempt *Frederick*, in Lovers' Vows, was the height of *folly*—call it by no worse a name. He has not one requisite for that arduous character.

* Our readers will bear in mind that Mr. Kemble is celebrated for his chaste performance of Hamlet. The other gentlemen claim no less merit in the respective characters of which they speak.

—

Augustus seeing one like him self, asked him in scoff, if his mother was never at Rome; the lad answered, no, but my father was.

It is more grievous to be ridiculed, than beaten. Contempt pierces to the quick, and revenge stops at nothing;—it hardens men into a brutal despising of death, so that they may see their enemies in company.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM....PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY.
THOSE WHO RECEIVE IT BY MAIL, TO PAY IN ADVANCE.

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